

See WILKINSON, the Real Estate Man.

THE DAYTONA DAILY NEWS.

Vol. II, No 36

Goes Everywhere and Reaches All Classes

Daytona, Florida, Saturday, February 11, 1905.

Best Advertising Medium in Daytona and Vicinity

Price 3 Cents

BINGHAM & THOMPSON A Number of Desirable Furnished Cottages offered for Rent. A Handsome Ridgewood Residence for Sale REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

SOUTH SHOULD RULE AFFAIRS

In the Opinion of a Prominent Miami Resident, Who is Visiting in Daytona.

In his regular weekly letter to the Portland (Me.) Daily Advertiser, Capt. Geo. E. Brown, a regular winter visitor to Daytona, and at present a guest of The Cleveland, has the following to say on the negro question which was written from Jacksonville:

We read a great deal in the papers lately about a measure offered in Congress to reduce the number of representatives from the South. It seems to me that is a matter which the people of the North had better leave alone for some years to come. That the negro has a right to vote is due to the Republican party. After the Civil war they were so anxious to get control of the South that they did not stop to think of the harm they were doing to the white people of the South by giving the negroes the same rights the white man had at the ballot box. It is not to be wondered at that there is a solid South and always will be as long as the negro has the right of suffrage as he has it now. Talking with men who live here and own property, I find but one opinion, that the white man must rule in all state, county and municipal affairs. If it was not for the negro vote I have no doubt that at least three of the Southern states would go Republican in the presidential elections. In the North the South has the biggest kind of an elephant on its hands and they should be allowed to settle the question as suits them best.

I don't believe we have any more right to interfere with their affairs than they have to say how we shall deal with the foreign element with which our cities at the North are being flooded at the present time.

I have always voted the Republican ticket at home. If I lived in the South I would vote the Democratic ticket simply because the best men in the South are Democrats and one wants to be in good company.

Nine out of every ten tourists with whom I come in contact say they would do the same. I think the people of the South do wonderfully well by the colored man.

For instance, I find at the post-office in this city that one-half of the clerical force is colored. I look through the window and see white and black men working side-by-side making up and sorting the mails. Half the letter carriers are black and half white. How would the clerks in the Portland postoffice like to work beside colored men all day? How would the people living on State and Deering streets like to have their mail delivered by a man as black as coal? How long would it be before there would be a halloo that would reach Congressman Allen's ears and a change made mighty quick? And then again I am told that the postmaster is a colored man and no man can get a federal office in the State of Florida without he consents to it. Why is this so? When Florida has no Republican senators or representatives in Congress why should a negro control all of the leaves and fishes of this State? In my opinion there is something rotten in Denmark, and it is worth looking into by the powers that be. My advice to the people of the North is this, let the South take care of the negro as suits them best and thank your stars that you haven't the problem to deal with.

At the Opera House.

"A Fatal Wedding" was presented by the Four Pickerts last night at the Opera House. In spite of the rain a larger crowd was present than on the previous night, evidencing that the public was well pleased.

Blanche Pickert sang a parody on "Goo-Goo Eyes," entitled "The Booker Washington and President Roosevelt Dinner," which made a decided hit. Blanche is a pretty child and her manner on the stage is perfectly natural.

This afternoon Blanche Pickert appeared in the leading role in "Little Lord Fontleroy," too late for a writeup in this edition.

A Poem for Today

THE LOW-BACKED CAR

By Samuel Lover

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy,
Twas on a market day;
A low-backed car she drove,
And sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming
green,
And decked with flowers of spring,
No lower was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in the low-backed car,
The man of the turpentine bar,
Never asked for the toll,
But just rubbed his oiled poll,
And looked after the low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy round her car,
Has strings of daisies and roses,
But the sores of hearts she'd laugh
at
By far outnumber these;
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle dove,
Well worth the cage I do engage,
Of the blooming root of love;
While she sits in her low-backed car,
The doves come near and far,
And caw the chicken,
That Peggy is peckin',
As she sits in her low-backed car.

Gems In Verse

The Magic Loom.

Fact and Fancy met one day,
One to work, the other to play,
Weaving the Web of a story.
Fancy's thread was gold and fine,
Fact's was coarse and common twine,
Better for use than for glory.
In and out the shuttle flew,
Weaving in the pearls of rue,
Gold of joy and threads of duty.
And when all the work was done,
Light and darkness were as one—
Fancy was truth and Fact was beauty,
Town and Country.

Baby's Grievances.

Oh, I'm sorry I came to this funny old world,
To be jangled and joggled and trotted and whirled,
Unless I'm asleep, or pretend to be so,
These goblins all think I must be on the go!
If I'm hungry or cry when I wake from my nap,
I am soon taken up into somebody's lap,
And trod and shaken and tossed and nudged,
And then I'm expected to laugh and to crowd.
When the nurse takes me out in my carriage by, by,
You would think I might quiet and peacefully lie;
But, no; as she wheels me along through the town,
She joggles the springs so I jump up and down.
If I wriggle and squirm and howl for relief,
She still seems to hold her mistaken belief,
But changes her tack—back and forth I am rushed,
Till for sheer lack of breath my wailing is hushed.
Often times my wee mouth is as dry as a chip,
And of fresh, cooling water I long for a sip,
Not a draft do I get, because they don't think
A baby can ever want water to drink.
Our wants are not many, but one thing is sure,
If grown people knew what we babies endure,
They'd very soon learn to interpret each tone,
And when we are good they would let us alone.
—Frances P. Carson in Presbyterian

The Spinner.

The spinner twisted her slender thread
As she sat and spun,
"The earth and the heavens are mine,"
she said,
"And the moon and sun,
Into my web the sunlight goes,
And the breath of May,
And the crimson life of the new blown rose."
That was her theme today.
The spinner sang in the hush of noon,
And her song was low:
"Ah, morning, you pass away too soon,
You are swift to go,
My heart overflows like a brimming cup
With its hopes and fears,
Love, come and drink the sweetness up
Ere 't turn to tears!"
The spinner looked at the falling sun,
"Is it time to rest?
My hands are weary—my work is done,
I have wrought my best,
I have spun and woven with patient eyes,
And with fingers fleet,
Lo, where the toll of a lifetime lies
In a winding sheet!"
—Mary Aguld De Vere.

Metempsychosis.

If I could look ahead to that gray day
(Heaven haste it now) when all my mortal clay
Sinks back to earth, . . . and, parting
company
From this poor husk, which once, alas,
was me,
My soul takes flight and seeks another
shape,
I would not care—again—to be an ape,
A horse or cat or fish or frog;
Nay, rather let me choose to be a dog,
A Boston bull, but cared and under-shot,
With strenuous jaw and temper swift and hot.
The replica of that which tugs and rages
At the stout leash which dainty Phyllis grasps,
Thrice happy brute, and, oh, thrice woe-
ful I,
Who for her smiles must ever vainly sigh!
What bliss . . . to hear her call me
"Jambkin pink"
And "muzzer's pet" and "lickle popsy-
jink!"
To feel upon my face her cheek's wild
roar,
Return the kiss she candidly bestows,
With condescension, . . . as belts the race
of brindle pups whose lineage I trace,
And—sweet revenge—with menacing look
and leap,
With wrinkled hide and grim growled
curves deep,
Keep all my hated rivals from her
side, . . .
"Twere joy enough to know that I had
died."
Town Topics.

Road to Deland Completed.

The work of pinestrawing the Deland-Daytona road, which has been in charge of Mr. A. P. Longdon, was completed Saturday. Something over \$575 was raised by popular subscription in Deland and nearly all of this money has been expended. The road is now in good shape from Deland to Daytona. In places through the flat woods, where the road was hard, no pine straw was applied, but a good coating was put on the road wherever it was soft and sandy. Of course this road will be better after it has been used awhile, and the straw is ground up and packed down.

It is thought that the average every day automobile will be able to make the trip between Deland and Daytona in about an hour, and in how short a time one of the racing machines will be able to cover the distance remains to be seen. Deland Supplement.

State Items.

The board of trade of Jacksonville now has a membership of more than four hundred.

Owing to the funds being low the Wauchula school board has reduced the number of teachers to five.

The winter Bible conference at Gainesville is proving a great success. All the sessions are being largely attended.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Gainesville have presented the city with a handsome drinking fountain.

The new board of county commissioners of Dale county, at their meeting this week, refused to grant the appropriation of \$400 voted by the old board for the Dale County Fair.

Informal Dance.

The young people, guests of The Bennett, gave an informal dance in the dining room of that hotel last night to which a few friends were invited. A colored string band furnished the music, and dancing continued until a late hour.

GOVERNOR BROWARD AND PARTY

Visit Daytona on Their Way South on Tour of Inspection of Florida Lands and Waterways.

A distinguished party, composed of Gov. Broward, ex-Gov. Jennings, Hon. W. H. Ellis, attorney general, State Treasurer Knott, Capt. R. E. Rose, state chemist, Senator W. A. MacWilliams, G. F. Miles, of the East Coast Canal Co., and Capt. Gleason, superintendent of the same company, left St. Augustine yesterday morning aboard Capt. Corbett's launch, "Hosler," for Matanzas. At that point Senator MacWilliams left the party and returned to St. Augustine.

The party, after inspecting the canal, left aboard Capt. Pellett's launch, "Cruiser," and arrived here this morning, remaining about an hour. From here they will proceed south, inspecting the waterways as far south as Miami.

This party has recently returned from an inspection of the Everglades, where much important data was collected.

That the Everglades of Florida can be reclaimed, and that the reclamation of approximately 7,000,000 acres of the richest land in the United States will make Florida one of the wealthiest states in the Union, is the opinion of the members of the Board of Trustees of the Internal Improvement Fund, who arrived in Jacksonville yesterday from an investigation of the Everglades.

Hon. Napoleon B. Broward, Governor of Florida; Hon. W. H. Ellis, Attorney General; W. V. Knott, State Treasurer, members of the Board of Trustees of the Internal Improvement Fund; Capt. R. E. Rose, State Chemist, and Hon. W. S. Jennings, former Governor, and now special council for the board, formed the party that had been on a tour of investigation.

Speaking of the fertility of the soil of the Everglades, Captain Rose, who is one of the best posted men in the country on the resources and

(Continued on Third Page.)

Queen Quality

FIT

In a pair of Queen Quality shoes the emphasis comes on the word "FIT." Queen Quality fits the foot—others do sometimes.

J. A. Hendricks

OPP POSTOFFICE

The Great Ann Arbor Gasoline Lamps And Lighting System.

Gasoline affords the cheapest and best light known. The following table shows the cost of maintaining one hundred candle power of various kinds of light, three hours per night for one month—30 hours.

Electric (six 16 candle power lamps)	\$5.48
Gas (with mantle)	.59 1-2
Gas (open burner)	6.39
Kerosene lamp	1.61
Tallow candle (100)	15.50
Single Candle	.15 1-2
ANN ARBOR IMPROVED GASOLINE LAMP	.20

Every Lamp Guaranteed. Call at Second Door East of White House, Goodall, Florida. The Ann Arbor Lighting Co.

A Cup of Tea

TASTES BETTER OUT OF A PRETTY CUP THAN IT DOES FROM AN UGLY CUP, EVERY BODY KNOWS THIS OF COURSE. WE HAD IT IN MIND WHEN WE SELECTED OUR GOODS FOR YOUR USE. THEY ARE PRETTY AND GOOD. COME AND SEE THEM



Mason & Wall Company, W. H. Edmondson, Mgr. 119 N. Beach St. Phone 9

The Dunlap Percolator, "The Pot that pumps." Come and see it work

GRUBER-MORRIS HARDWARE COMPANY.